Lara Chandler

Lara Chandler
Member since 2020
Last seen 2 days ago
Posts: 1,247
Comments: 3,892
Likes received: 2,156
Likes given: 1,834
Followers: 89
Following: 112
Level 14
Rank: Regular
Profile views: 4,512
Joined: 2020-03-14
Last post: 2026-04-19
Last comment: 2026-04-19
Last login: 2026-04-19
Timezone: Europe/London
Language: English
Gender: Female
Birthday: 1988-07-22
Location: Bristol, England
Website: https://laraschandler.co.uk
Bio: Writing to find out what I think. Mostly succeeding.
Signature: — Lara
Avatar: Uploaded
Cover photo: Uploaded
Theme: Default
Email: lara.chandler@example.com
Email verified: Yes
Two-factor auth: Enabled
Recovery codes: Generated
Password last changed: 2025-11-02
Sessions: 3 active
Blocked users: 0
Muted users: 0
Reports filed: 1
Reports received: 0
Warnings: 0
Suspensions: 0
Bans: 0
Notes: Trusted member
Custom field 1: Pronouns: she/her
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Custom field 3: Pronouns: she/her
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From a Dusk Post to a Terrific Pulse

Dear Diary,

Just **SCROLL** about anywhere.

Now, I'm not a fan of the whole "dusk" thing. I'm a morning person, and I'm usually in bed by the time the sun starts setting. But I'm willing to give it a chance.

So, I'm thinking of writing a post about my favorite coffee shop in the morning. It's a small, cozy place with the best lattes in town. I usually go there around 7:30 AM, before the crowds arrive. The barista knows my order by heart, and I always get a warm smile from her.

I'm also thinking of writing about my commute to work. I take the bus, and it's a pretty long ride. But I've found that it's a great time to read or listen to podcasts. I've been meaning to start a book club with some friends, and this might be a good way to get started.

What do you think, Diary? Should I write about my morning routine or my commute?

Sincerely,
Lara

Late Night Rain

Dear Diary,

The rain started around midnight. I was still awake, staring at the ceiling and thinking about something I can't even remember now.

I love the sound of rain on the roof. It's the only time I feel completely safe, like the world outside can't reach me. Tonight it came down hard for about twenty minutes and then settled into a steady drizzle that lasted until morning.

I made tea and sat by the window. The streetlamp outside turned the puddles orange. A cat from the next building over crossed the road and disappeared into a hedge. I wondered where it was going.

I've been trying to write more consistently. Not for anyone else, just for myself. Some days it feels easy and some days every sentence I write looks wrong the moment I finish it. I'm learning to be okay with both.

Tomorrow I have to call the dentist and finish the report that's been sitting on my desk for a week. But tonight I'm just here, with the rain and the tea and the quiet.

Sincerely,
Lara

"The world is a small ball" — Nostalgia

Dear Diary,

Nostalgia hits differently when you're in your thirties. It's not the sharp, aching kind you get when you're young and everything is new. It's softer than that. It arrives on a Tuesday afternoon when you're standing in the kitchen and you smell something that takes you back to a place you haven't been in years.

I've been thinking about the phrase "the world is a small ball" — the idea that if you keep moving, you'll eventually circle back to where you started. I used to find that comforting. Now I'm not so sure. Some things you circle back to and they're exactly as you left them. Others you return to and they've changed so much you barely recognise them.

I'm not sure which one I'm hoping for.

Sincerely,
Lara

Tuesday, July 14

Dear Diary,

Today was fine.

Sincerely,
Lara

Tuesday, July 14

Dear Diary,

Today was fine.

Sincerely,
Lara

Friday, July 10

Dear Diary,

Nothing to report.

Sincerely,
Lara

Cloud Shut Out by 3

Dear Diary,

Cloud 9 Esports 3, Nimbus 0. Best-of-five, and it was over in four. We opened the first map on Ascent and never looked back — 13–4 on attack, then a clean 13–7 on defence. Our duelist, Kira "Vex" Tanaka, finished with 27 kills and a first-blood rate that made the other team's coach call a timeout before the second map had even started.

The second map was Haven, and it was the closest we got to losing. Nimbus took the first round on defence and the crowd went quiet for about ten seconds. Then our IGL, Marcus "Orbit" Lee, called a slow default and we ground out the next seven rounds in a row. That was the moment I knew we were going to win the series.

Sincerely,
Lara

Week, where are you?

Dear Diary,

Hello, Monday. I've been waiting for you.

Sincerely,
Lara

Tuesday, July 14

Dear Diary,

Today was fine.

Sincerely,
Lara

Monday, July 13

Dear Diary,

Nothing to report.

Sincerely,
Lara

Friday, July 10

Dear Diary,

Nothing to report.

Sincerely,
Lara

Thursday, July 9

Dear Diary,

Nothing to report.

Sincerely,
Lara

Wednesday, July 15

Dear Diary,

Nothing to report.

Sincerely,
Lara

Rain Tour

Dear Diary,

Nothing to report.

Sincerely,
Lara

Wow, it's been a long time since I've posted

Dear Diary,

Hello, Diary. It's been a while.

I've been meaning to write for weeks, but every time I sat down I found something else to do instead. Not because I didn't have things to say — I've had plenty — but because I kept waiting for the right moment, the right mood, the right hour. That moment never arrived, so here I am, writing at 11:47 PM on a Tuesday with a cup of tea that's already gone cold.

The last few months have been a strange mix of ordinary and extraordinary. I started a new job in March, moved flats in May, and somewhere in between I ran my first 10K. I'm not a runner. I'm still not a runner. But I finished it, and I'm proud of that.

I've been reading more than I have in years. Finished 23 books so far this year, which is more than I managed in all of last year. I've been keeping a list in the notes app on my phone, and I'm surprisingly competitive with myself about it. I'm aiming for 40 by December.

I've been cooking more, too. Mostly because I'm trying to spend less money, but also because I've discovered that I actually enjoy it when I'm not rushing. Sunday afternoons with a podcast and a pot of soup are my new favourite thing.

I've been thinking a lot about what I want from the next few years. Not in a dramatic, life-overhaul way — more in a quiet, "what kind of person do I want to be" way. I want to be more patient. I want to be more present. I want to stop scrolling and start looking up.

I don't know if I'll manage all of that. But I'm going to try.

Sincerely,
Lara

Friday, July 10

Dear Diary,

Nothing to report.

Sincerely,
Lara

Thursday, July 17

Dear Diary,

Nothing to report.

Sincerely,
Lara

Something Of Value

Dear Diary,

Today I found something that I think is worth keeping.

It's not a thing, exactly. It's a sentence I read in a book I picked up on a whim from a charity shop for fifty pence. The book is old, the pages are yellowing, and the author is someone I've never heard of. But the sentence stopped me mid-sentence and I had to read it three times before I could keep going.

I'm not going to write it down here because I want to remember it on my own terms, not because I've copied it from a page. But I'll try to describe it: it was about how the things we think we're doing for ourselves are often the things we're doing for the people who will remember us. It made me sit back in my chair and look out the window for a long time.

I've been thinking about it all day. I've been thinking about whether I'm living in a way that I'd be proud of if someone looked back on it. I've been thinking about whether I'm spending my time on things that matter, or on things that just fill the space between the things that matter.

I don't have answers. I rarely do. But I have the sentence, and I have the feeling it gave me, and I have the sense that I'm going to carry both of them for a while.

Sincerely,
Lara

Tuesday, July 14

Dear Diary,

Today was fine.

Sincerely,
Lara

Wednesday, July 15

Dear Diary,

Nothing to report.

Sincerely,
Lara

E.V.A. for the U.S. — except not really anymore

Dear Diary,

I've been thinking about this for a while, and I finally have the words for it.

I used to be proud of the E.V.A. for the U.S. I grew up watching the launches on television, memorising the names of the astronauts, and drawing pictures of the shuttle with the flag painted on the side. I wanted to be one of them. I wanted to wear the patch and say the words and be part of something that felt bigger than myself.

I still want to be part of something bigger than myself. But I don't know if I can be proud of the E.V.A. for the U.S. anymore, and I don't know what to do with that.

The launch I watched last week was beautiful. The rocket lifted off on a column of fire and smoke, and for a few minutes I forgot about everything else and just watched. But then the commentator started talking about the mission, and I realised I didn't know what the mission was for. I didn't know what we were trying to learn, or who we were trying to help, or why the money we were spending couldn't be spent on something else.

I've been reading about the history of the programme, and I've been talking to people who work in it, and I've been trying to figure out whether my disillusionment is a failure of understanding or a failure of the programme. I still don't know. Maybe it's both.

What I do know is that I miss the feeling I had when I was younger, the feeling that the future was something we were building together and that I had a place in it. I don't have that feeling anymore, and I don't know if I'll get it back.

Sincerely,
Lara

Friday, July 10

Dear Diary,

Nothing to report.

Sincerely,
Lara

Thursday, July 17

Dear Diary,

Nothing to report.

Sincerely,
Lara

Wednesday, June 24

Dear Diary,

Nothing to report.

Sincerely,
Lara

Rainy Days I Thought

Dear Diary,

I've been thinking about rainy days lately. Not in a sad way, just in a quiet way. The kind of thinking you do when you're sitting by the window with a cup of tea and the world outside is doing its own thing.

I used to hate rainy days. I thought they were boring, that they ruined plans, that they made everything feel heavy. But I've started to notice that they're the days when I get the most done. The days when I read the most, write the most, think the most. The days when I'm not distracted by the sun or by the feeling that I should be outside.

I'm not sure what changed. Maybe I just got older. Maybe I got tired of fighting the weather. Maybe I realised that the rain is going to do what it's going to do, and I might as well make the most of it.

Today it rained all morning. I made soup, read a chapter of a book I've been meaning to finish for weeks, and wrote a letter to a friend I haven't seen in too long. By the afternoon the clouds had started to break, and I went for a walk and felt grateful for the puddles.

Sincerely,
Lara

Let's Get Some Work Done

Dear Diary,

Nothing to report.

Sincerely,
Lara

Late night, no rain

Dear Diary,

Nothing to report.

Sincerely,
Lara